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FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.

Miscellaneous Extracts from Foreign Journals.

In the Eclectick Review for September, there is an article on 'a sermon preached at Leeds, on occasion of the execution of Mr. Joseph Blackburn, attorney at law, for forgery, by Richard Winter Hamilton, minister of Albion Chapel, 4th. edition.' The Reviewers are very indignant at this sermon, for which they gave various substantial reasons. The preacher is very much admired at Leeds, and his sermon had gone through four editions. The critics make only one extract, which they say is a fair specimen of the whole, in which case this must be a very remarkable discourse. They introduce their quotation by saying :—' to illustrate the progressive nature of sin, Mr. Hamilton says.'

' If the character throws itself into any particular attitude, it is difficult to recover the natural posture ; and, though the singularity might arise from merely an accidental cause, yet it may require some lengthened process to rectify.—Through the influence of habit, *feeling may strain it from its native scope, and the powers of the constitution be wrenched from their original sockets, the machinery of the mind, as it is first thrown into action, works through a roughness of wheel and stubbornness of spring, with jarring and confounding attrition ; but when the action is continued, the philosophic chimera of perpetual motion is realized and confirmed.* And when habits are formed upon evil passions and principles, it is impossible to calculate on their mischievous extent. We have then to grapple, not merely with the strength of our depravity, *but with the disadvantages of a prepared barrier and circumvallation.* We have then to resist, not an enemy conscious of its injustice, but a commonwealth that relies upon precedent, and is regulated by law. Ah ! the will is always volatile to sin, why should we then fan its heats and accelerate its impulse. The mind always gravitates to evil, why then should we multiply its tendency by additional weight and bias ? *Who would add momentum to an avalanche from the Andes, or wing with more cruel speed the bolt that hisses from the secret place of thunder ?*'

The publick expenditure of Great Britain for the year ending January 5, 1815, was, by the returns laid before Par-

liament, 117,587,984*l.* 10. 5. Calculating this sum at five shillings for a dollar, it will make the annual expenditure in Dollars amount to 470,351,938.

There are in England ninety-four publick libraries, eight in Scotland, and ten in Ireland, making one hundred and twelve. These include those of the Colleges, Cathedrals, and publick offices.

THE KING OF NAPLES.

Ferdinand 4th is in his fifty-sixth year ; in his person he is tall and straight, rather thin than corpulent, his face is very long, his hair and eyebrows white, and his countenance on the whole far from comely, but lighted up by an expression of good nature and benignity that pleases more and lasts longer than symmetry of features. His manners are easy, his conversation affable, and his whole deportment (princes will pardon me if I presume to mention it as a compliment,) that of a thorough gentleman. With regard to mental endowments, nature seems to have placed him on a level with the great majority of mankind, that is, in a state of mediocrity, and without either defect or excellency ; a state the best adapted to sovereign power, because the least likely to abuse it. If one degree below it, a monarch becomes the tool of every designing knave near his person, whether valet or minister ; if only one degree above it, he becomes restless and unintentionally mischievous, like the Emperour Joseph ; and if cursed with genius, he turns out like Frederick, a conquerour and a despot. But the good sense which Ferdinand derived from nature required the advantages of cultivation to develope and direct it ; and of these advantages he was unfortunately deprived, in part perhaps by the early absence of his father, and in part by the negligence or design, first of his tutors, and afterwards, of his courtiers. Being raised to the throne in the eighth year of his age, and shortly after left by his father under the direction of a regency, he cannot be supposed to be inclined, nor they capable of compelling him, to application. The result has been as usual, a great propensity to active exercises, and an aversion to studious pursuits. The ignorance which follows from these habits is such as to extend to articles, known among us to every person above daily labour, and it not unfrequently shews itself in conversation, and be-

trays his majesty into mistakes that sometimes startle even well-trained courtiers. Thus, mention being accidentally made in his presence of the great power of the Turks some centuries ago, he observed, that it was no wonder, *as all the world were Turks before the birth of our Saviour*. Upon another occasion, when the cruel execution of Louis 16th, then recent, happening to be the subject of conversation, one of the courtiers remarked, that it was the second crime of that kind that stained the annals of modern Europe; the King asked with surprise, where such a deed had been perpetrated before; the courtier replying, in England. Ferdinand asked with a look of disbelief, what King of England was ever put to death by his people? The other of course answering, Charles 1st; his Majesty exclaimed, with some degree of warmth and indignation, ‘No, Sir, it is impossible, you are misinformed; the English are too loyal and too brave a people to be guilty of such an atrocious a crime.’ He added ‘depend upon it, Sir, it is a mere tale trumped up by the Jacobins at Paris to excuse their own guilt by the example of so great a nation; it may do very well to deceive their own people, but will not I hope, dupe us.’—*Monthly Magazine*.

PROPHECY ON REFORM.

When a lawyer sheds tears while he's striking a docket;
 When assessors heave sighs while they empty your pocket;
 When reviewers feel pangs like the authors they cut up;
 When conscience for sale shall no longer be put up;
 When placemen, unask'd, throw up sinecures;
 When any quack medicine performs any cures;
 When women of eighty confess they're in years;
 When they make such confession without shedding tears;
 When poor curates thrive while fat Bishops get skinny;
 When a note with a shilling is preferred to a guinea;
 When there's peace because tyrants are weary of killing;
 When a good thumping loaf's to be had for a shilling;
 When like cattle at market, base voters ar'n't sold;
 When tea scandal ceases, and fish fags don't scold;
 When true taste shall suffer no more like a martyr;
 When Shakespeare's preferr'd to Timour the Tartar;
 When ale's made again from good malt and hops;
 When Corn Jews are found to rejoice at good crops;
 When Butchers, dear souls! low'r the price of their chops;

When truth shall no longer be deemed a foul libel ;
When men follow precepts they preach from the Bible ;
When symptoms like these shall be seen through the land ;
They'll seem to portend, '*A reform is at hand.*'

Morning Chronicle.

THE LATE SPANISH GENERAL PORLIER.

His Excellency Don Juan Diez Porlier is about thirty years of age, small in person, thin, but of a handsome appearance. He is nephew of the late Minister Porlier, Marquis de Baxamar. He served as a midshipman in the battle of Trafalgar. He first became known in the late war against the tyranny of Buonaparte, by collecting a handful of deserters from the actions in Castile under General Cuesta, with which only amounting to thirty men, he attacked fifty French advantageously posted near the city of Palencia, whom he killed or took and presented to the Junta of Asturias. The latter then gave him the rank of Colonel, and he immediately formed a *Guerilla* corps, called *Cuerpo Franco*, with which he did prodigies of valour against the enemy. This corps afterwards became a respectable division. What gave him most credit in the time of the provincial Juntas, was his retreat from St. Andero, surrounded by four times his number of enemies, from whom he escaped, and even took and killed some of the French. This action, covered Porlier with glory, and Ballasteros with shame, who made a disgraceful retreat to Gijon, in consequence of which that part of the country was abandoned. The other illustrious actions of Porlier are contained in the publick papers of that day. He was latterly made a *Mariscal de Campo* (Major-General) and his character is frank and noble. He is also a man of great energy and readiness, as is proved by what happened between him and the Marchioness of Matarosa ; to whose daughter he is now married. The Marchioness was proud and haughty, and before she consented to the marriage of her daughter, she required Porlier to exhibit his titles of nobility. To the person sent to wait on him with this request, Porlier answered—' Tell the Marchioness from me that my name is JUAN DIEZ PORLIER, and I require to know whether her daughter is to be married to me or to my parchments ; if to the latter, they may both go to the Devil.'—*Morning Chronicle.*

INSCRIBED TO AN ALDERMAN.

Dum rediens fugat astra Phoebus, Hor. O. 21. lib. 3.

KNOW ye the land where the leaf of the myrtle
 Is bestowed on good livers in eating sublime ?
 Where the race for fat ven'son, and love of the turtle,
 Preside o'er the realms of an Epicure cline ?
 Know ye the land where the juice of the vine,
 Makes Aldermen learned and Bishops divine ?
 Where each *Corporation*, deep flush'd with its bloom,
 Waxes fat o'er the eyes of the claret's perfume ?
 Thick spread is the table with choicest of fruit,
 And the voice of the reveller never is mute :
 Their rich robes, though varied, in beauty may vie,
 Yet the purple of Bacchus is deepest in dye :—
 'Tis the clime of the EAST—the return of the sun
 Looks down on the deeds which his children have done ;
 Then wild is the note and discordant the yell,
 When reeling and staggering, they hiccup—farewell.

Morning Chronicle.

April 10th, died in Connaught-Place, aged 70, G. Ellis, Esq. of Sunning-Hill : by which event society and literature have been deprived of one of their ornaments, and his friends have lost a man peculiarly formed to feel and inspire the warmest sentiments of friendship. One of his earliest attempts in literature was a share in the celebrated series of political satires, entitled 'The Rolliad, also Probationary Odes,' &c. Mr. Ellis was the writer of that severe and unjust invective against Mr. Pitt, in the second number of the Rolliad, which begins

Pert without fire, without experience sage.

He afterwards changed his political connexions ; but it was not till after his return from Lille, whither he had gone in 1797, with his friend Lord Malmesbury, that he became personally acquainted with Mr. Pitt. At the first interview two men of wit, the friends of both, amused themselves with allusions to the Rolliad, which as they probably intended, visibly embarrassed Mr. Ellis. Mr. Pitt turned

round, and with a smile said, in a manner full of grace and good humour,

Immo age, et a prima dic hospes origine nobis.

He instantly relieved Mr. Ellis from his embarrassment; and both were probably afterwards amused by the applications which the verses immediately following might have suggested.

*Insidias inquit Danaûm, casusque tuorum,
Erroresque tuos.*

To pardon political pleasantries, or even invectives, is an effort of placability, which did not require so safe and unassailable a greatness as that of Mr. Pitt. It was Mr. Ellis's singular fortune to have been also engaged in another collection of political pleasantries, 'The Anti-Jacobin,' with two colleagues of brilliant talents, with whom he continued in affectionate friendship the rest of his life. In 1790, he published the first edition of the 'Specimens of Early English Poetry,' which, with the enlarged edition in 1801, and the 'Specimens of Early English Romances,' formed an important contribution towards that growing study of our ancient literature, which has breathed a youthful spirit into English Poetry. His Essays on the formation and progress of the English language are models of abridgment, in which useful information is shortly and modestly communicated, without inaccuracy or obscurity on the one hand, and without pretention or pedantry on the other. In the abridgment of the old Romances, these prolix tales are rendered more amusing by a gentle sneer, which is constantly visible through the serious narrative, and which enlivens the perusal without destroying the interest. In the preface and appendix to the tabliaux of his friend Mr. Way, are to be found some of the purest and most classical passages of Addisonian composition which this age has produced. Mr. Ellis had been employed some time on a life of the late Mr. Windham, which was intended to accompany some works of that gentleman. The latter years of his life were embittered by maladies, which his virtues, and the friendship that they, still more than his talents, had procured, happily enabled him to endure with cheerful patience.

Literary Panorama.

In one of the English Magazines, a question has been lately proposed, to find a word that will rhyme with *silver*, it is said that one cannot be found in the language. If any of our readers can suggest one, we wish they would communicate it.

French Caricatures. The *Geant Noir*, the first number of which has just appeared, is remarkably bold. It has even had the audacity to indulge in a sort of contemptible ridicule of the Duchess of Angouleme, by stating that when that Princess visited the Abbe Sicard's establishment (for the deaf and dumb) she complained that his pupils did not cry *Vive le Roi!*—The following caricature has been sold privately. On the top of a large *mat de cocagne* (a long pole covered with soap) is placed a crown. Louis XVIII. is climbing up to reach it, and says to the Duke of Wellington who is below him, 'support me or I shall fall.' The King of Prussia who is still lower, is made to exclaim, 'Let me take what suits me.' The Emperour of Russia says haughtily, 'Behold my work.' The Emperour of Austria is supporting them all on his shoulders, while young Napoleon, who is pulling him by the skirts of his coat, cries 'Dear Grandpapa, leave all these folks to themselves.' The Emperour replies, 'If I leave them they will fall upon me.' Buonaparte, who is in a corner, observing what is passing, says to himself, 'I climbed up twice without any help.' [*Courier.*]

CHARACTER OF MARET, DUKE OF BASSANO, BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF MECHLIN.

He began his career in 1790, with reporting the proceedings of the Constituent Assembly for a newspaper. Read the now neglected Memoirs of Dumourier, and you will find him in the embassy of Chauvelin at London, at the time of the death of Louis XV. and on the eve of supplanting the ambassadour, when the whole gang were driven from London. The diplomacy of the Convention appeared to have nothing alarming, or capable of stirring the robust fibres which form the tissue of his heart. He was entrusted by the Convention with that mission which the Austrians disturbed at the entrance of the Valteline, by seizing him,

Semonville, and I know not what other incendiary. Restored to France by exchange for the daughter of Louis XVI. on the establishment of the Consulate he succeeded M. Lagarde, as Secretary to the Council of Government, and he held that post until he succeeded M. De Champagny as Minister of Foreign Affairs—that office had long been the object of his ambition. The labours of the Cabinet, in their nature always obscure, presented to him a too limited horizon, too contracted a theatre for his talents. He would be the minister of France, or rather of Europe; for in the state in which things then were, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs was nothing less.

His mode of discussing a subject is, heavy, embarrassed, never precise, nor luminous; his elocution, wiredrawn. His principles those of convenience, force, and all that train of sophisms of which French diplomacy has been composed for these last twenty-five years. The day spent in dissipation, the hour for labour at length arrives, and that is almost always the hour at which nature reposes. The clock strikes twelve, business is recollected, and the Minister encloses himself in his cabinet. The Clerks are called and urged to work. Evil to him whom sleep overpowers. About five in the morning the active Minister goes to repose from his works of darkness, leaving to his wretched underlings the care of digesting the high conceptions with which he had entrusted them. Demosthenes said, that his labours smelt of oil. 'Those of the Duke of Bassano have no better odour.

Flattery is a certain way of succeeding with the Duke of Bassano. Every thing about him must be flattered and admired, down to the Duchess's lapdog. It was said by a man of wit, that that dog had made many Auditors and Prefects.

The only talent, possessed by the Duke of Bassano, was that of translating the Emperour's ideas. It was curious to see with what an air he contemplated and listened to him. You would have sworn that he was worshipping him. The repression of his own reflection was carried to such a height, that he seemed to alienate his own mind in favour of that of the Emperour. He wrote to me on the 6th of July the following words: 'The discourse you addressed to me seduced me, but the Emperor remarked to me that it was bad, and he is right.'

The Duke of Bassano perfected that system of intrigue and deception, by which the political characters, who have

for so many years governed France, have constantly sought to distort facts.

Publick opinion accuses the Duke of Bassano, with the most decided inclination for those proceedings, which infringe the security of other States. He is reproached with having declared against peace at Dresden, at a period when it would have left France in a highly flourishing state, even after the reverses of the Russian campaign. He is also reproached with obstinately persisting in his warlike disposition after the battle of Leipsic, and during the negotiations at Chatillon. To crown these serious charges, he is believed to have acted a considerable part in the return of Napoleon, and he has shewn a marked zeal for maintaining at the head of Affairs in France, a man who could not but be as fatal to the country, as useful to this Minister. During the short existence of the Peerage, he was remarked for his warmth in favour of Napoleon I. and Napoleon II. as if one of them had not been enough.

ANECDOTE OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF MECHLIN.

The Abbe de Pradt, whom Bonaparte had made Archbishop of Mechlin, and who was Ambassadour at Warsaw in November 1813, has lately published a very curious history of his Embassy, which, while it presents a lively picture of the tyrant's ambition, displays in as strong a light the author's vanity. The following laughable anecdote on the subject of this book is in circulation at Paris :— ‘ Before publishing his work, M. De Pradt read it to several persons in private. In a select circle where he had promised to read the first part of it, there happened to be present a great Captain, whom the battle of Waterloo had raised to the highest pinnacle of military glory. M. De Pradt commenced it in these terms :—The Emperour was surprised uttering in a profound reverie these memorable words—*had it not been for one man, I should have been master of the world.* At these words all eyes were turned to the illustrious stranger—a fluttering murmur made the application of them to him, and all were pleased with themselves for seizing so rapidly their spirit.’ M. De Pradt continued his reading, *that man was myself.* The surprise of the company may be conceived ; it would be easier to imagine than express it.’

Marlborough and Wellington. The 5th number of the *Tatler*, contains the following paragraph—‘ But, I believe the reader outruns me, and fixes his imagination upon the Duke of *Marlborough*. It is methinks a pleasing reflection to consider the dispensations of Providence in the fortune of this illustrious man, who in the space of forty years, has passed through all the gradations of human life, until he has ascended to the character of a Prince, and become the scourge of a tyrant, who sat on one of the greatest thrones of Europe.’

What may be said of *Wellington*?

The Camp at Vertus. A private letter in one of the French papers gives the following description of this camp : I have seen the Camp at Vertus, you would be delighted with the good order that prevails there. In that immense plain, each corps has endeavoured to place itself where there is wood and water, articles scarce enough in this part of the country : thus they form separate camps ; but the plain being bare of wood, they may all be seen at once with the naked eye, and on approaching them we perceive that nearly the same system of order prevails in all : piles of arms in the first line ; behind, thatched covers for the troops : to the right the cannon behind the caissons, and more in the rear, the camp oven and the baggage. Everything even to the kitchens is disposed with regularity. I passed through them at the hour when they were getting dinner ; the kettles were placed in a line at a convenient distance from the barracks, and distributed by various divisions of six each. What struck me forcibly, was the silence that reigned among this collected multitude of soldiers. Here and there were seen peasants carrying provisions, and their appearance bespoke rather the hope of gain than the fear of pillage. In the little town of Vertus, the head quarters, there is an astonishing bustle : but there is the same tranquillity on the part of the inhabitants : no disputes about lodgings, distributions, &c. Erections of every kind have sprung up with rapidity—coffee houses, eating houses, show booths, &c. At one of these booths, I saw written up, *Mocha Coffee, Ices, Sherbet*. In fine, Alexander must have found here an image of one of those creations of towns, which presented themselves to Catharine in her journey in the Ukraine.

[The subject of mendicity has lately excited great attention in England, and received a parliamentary investigation previous to adopting a system for correcting it. Its abuses in London are almost incredible, and the street beggars are very rarely indeed real objects of charity. In the course of examination, many most curious facts were related by different witnesses, and some accounts of the most remarkable beggars given. Their gains were various, and in some instances averaged two guineas a day. The more opulent of the fraternity one day in the week, or at some stated period retired from the scene of their labours, and assumed a decent dress and sometimes considerable expense in their mode of living. The following anecdote, extracted from an English paper, though anonymous, is not so extraordinary as some that were related by respectable witnesses on their own knowledge.]

Mendicity.—An anonymous correspondent has favoured us with the following curious account, which he assures us is genuine:—He was walking in the neighbourhood of Edmonton with a friend, who requested his particular attention to a female, then happening to be in the same pathway with them, she having attracted much notice in that quarter, in consequence of her recent marriage under very peculiar circumstances.—She had been a servant at a tavern there, and waited on the guests of the Sunday ordinary, which is held throughout the year. At this ordinary one gentleman was a *constant* attendant, and was generally supposed to be one of the numerous clerks of the city, who have no other opportunity of enjoying the fresh air. He usually occupied the same seat, and appeared much reserved, except when addressing the maid servant, towards whom his demeanour was very kind and condescending—and at length he made a formal proposal of marriage to her. The girl, who had more sense than often falls to the lot of persons in that sphere of life, did not object to the proposal, but earnestly entreated that a small sum might be settled as a provision against any casualties, which, in consequence of her intended elevation, she might be less able to bear. This suggestion met with all the attention that could be hoped for. The gentleman agreed to settle one thousand pounds, and lost no time in selling out stock sufficient for raising that sum. The happy day was now appointed, but not

before the lover had explained to the fair object of his choice, that they could only meet *once a week*, and had exacted from her a promise never to urge him to a further explanation of the circumstances, which reduced him to the necessity of submitting to so painful a separation!—They were accordingly married, and went on very pleasantly, until the lady prompted by a curiosity which (whether true or not we will not venture to affirm) is said to be peculiar to her sex, requested that he would confide the secret to her. At this request, the manner of the enamoured spouse became much altered, and after betraying a considerable degree of irritation, he *commanded* her never to obtrude the subject upon him again. The storm was thus suffered to blow over for a time; but curiosity is one of the most powerful motives agitating the human breast, and this new *Psyche* had not philosophy enough to withstand it. She again entreated a solution of the mystery, but the entreaty was met only by a frown, and she pleaded her affection—and finding all of no avail, she threatened to have him watched to the place of his retreat. This had the effect of extorting a declaration from him, and he assured her that she might probably discover his secret, but, that *if she did, she would never see him afterwards*. Notwithstanding this declaration, made with great coolness and firmness, the imprudent woman persisted, and by the help of some busy friends, was introduced to her husband in his disguise, as one of the common beggars of the metropolis. She spoke to him in that situation, but as he then told her, for the *last* time, and she has never seen him since!

[The celebrated sculptor, Canova, was sent by the Pope to Paris to reclaim the works of art which the French carried off from Rome. When Buonaparte was first Consul, he invited Canova to fix himself in Paris. He answered, that he did not meddle with politicks, but that he never could wish to live under the dominion of him, who had destroyed the organization of his native country, (Venice.) The following are extracts of letters from him, taken from an English paper. It should not be forgotten on this question of the restoration of the objects of art taken from Rome, that when it was first contemplated, all the principal French artists signed a remonstrance against it, addressed to the Directory.]

Paris, Sept. 31.

The cause of Fine Arts is at length safe into port ; and it is to the generous and unremitted exertions of the British Minister, Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Secretary Hamilton, that Rome will be indebted for the triumphing in the demands that I came hither to make in her name. What gratitude ought we not to feel to the magnanimous British nation ! Fully does she deserve that the Arts, in return for this generous act, should join hand in hand to raise a perpetual monument to her name ; but the best and more lasting monument will be engraved in the heart of every Italian, who, on beholding the sacred objects torn from their country, again restored to her, will recollect the nation that stood forth as their advocate for this restitution, and will call down upon her the blessings of Providence.

Our work is about to begin. Tuscany, Milan and Venice have retaken all that belongs to them. I shall be the last and shall require more time ; for the objects claimed by Rome, as you well know, are much more numerous. I am burning with impatience to see every thing packed up and gone, then will I fly across the sea to *spatiate* in your magnificent metropolis, with my heart at ease, and to embrace you.

Paris, Oct. 5th.

We are at last beginning to drag forward from this great cavern of stolen goods, the precious objects of art taken from Rome. On the 2d instant, among the many fine paintings that were removed, we noticed that stupendous production, the *Transfiguration*, the *Communion* of St. Jerome, the *Virgin* of Fuligno ; the next day several other exquisite pictures came away, together with the group of *Cupid and Psyche*, the two *Brutus's*, the very ancient bust of *Ajax*, and other no less precious objects of sculpture. Yesterday the *Dying Gladiator* left his French abode, and the *Torso*. We remove this day the two first statues in the world, the *Apollo* and the *Laocoon*. Tomorrow *Mercury* will quit the house between *Flora* of the capitol and the *Venus*. The *Muses* will follow next, and so on to the close of this portentous procession.

October 9th.

In my letter of the 5th instant, I informed you what we were doing here in regard to the objects of art, which we are

removing from the Museum. The most valuable of them are to go by land, and will set off next week accompanied by the celebrated Venetian horses, and all the other precious articles belonging to Lombardy, Piedmont and Tuscany. The convoy will be escorted by strong detachments of Austrian troops. The remainder, which may belong to Rome, will be embarked and sent by sea to Italy. Among these, I am happy to inform you, for I know how much you will rejoice at it, that even all our ancient manuscripts, medals, and other equally valuable objects of antiquity will be included, to the great satisfaction no doubt of the loyal *Denon*, and of that *eminent Italian patriot* E. A. Visconti, members of the Institute.

P. S. I had nearly forgot to tell you, that even the painting and statues lately belonging to the Albani family are to be restored. Do not believe all the lies which the French papers are authorized to pour forth about the *Venus de Medicis*. She is still as she was before, *salva et incolumis*.

Died at Berne, Switzerland, of an apoplexy, in his 46th year, GODFRIED MIND, a painter celebrated for his extraordinary delineations of Bears and Cats. His father, still living in Berne, is a native of Lipsch, in Upper Hungary, and learned the trade of a cabinet maker at Kremnitz. The son was a pupil of Frendenberger, and his extraordinary talents in the representation of various species of animals, but especially those abovementioned, in paintings in water-colours, are attested not only by the numerous productions of his pencil in the portfolios of various amateurs at Berne, Zurich, Basle, and other places, but also by the high encomiums passed on his performances by many artists of the highest eminence. Madame Lebrun, of Paris, perhaps the first living female painter, never failed in her different journies through Switzerland, to purchase several of Mind's performances, declaring at the same time, that they were real master-pieces of their kind, and would be acknowledged as such in the French metropolis. It was she who first gave to our artist the appellation of *Le Raphael des Chats*, the Raphael of Cats, which he has ever since retained, and by which many strangers enquire for him at Berne. *Mind* was certainly well worthy of this name, not only on account of the correctness of his drawings of those

animals, and the true though dignified delineation of their forms, but more especially on account of the life and spirit which he transfused into them in his pictures. The affection of *Mind* for the feline race might be termed fraternal. When he was at work, a favourite cat generally set by his side; and he was often seen employed at his table with an old cat on his lap, and two or three kittens on both shoulders, or even in the hollow formed at the back of his neck by the inclination of his head. Thus encumbered, he would sit for hours together at his work, and abstain from every motion that could in the least incommode his beloved favourites. In winter evenings, *Mind* used to amuse himself with carving bears, cats, and other animals, in miniature, out of wild chesnut tree, with such accuracy and skill, that they had a rapid sale, and were bought up by many as ornaments for their chimney pieces. It is to be regretted that insects soon attacked the wood, and thus destroyed these pretty little figures. *Mind* passed many of his happiest hours at the Bears' den in Berne, where from remote antiquity two live bears have been constantly kept. No sooner did *Friedli*, by which name he was best known at Berne, make his appearance, than the bears hastened to him with a friendly grunt, upon which they were invariably rewarded with a piece of bread, or an apple, from the pocket of their benefactor and friend. Next to cats and bears, *Mind* received the greatest delight from looking over works of art, particularly prints in which animals were introduced. Among these, however, the lions of Rubens, some pieces by Rembrandt and Potter, and Reidinger's stags, were the only copies that he allowed to be excellent. With the other animals by Riedinger he found fault, almost without exception, as incorrect. The bears by the same artist he characterized as absolute monsters; neither did he entertain a much more favourable opinion of the celebrated cats of Cornelius Vischer, and Hollar. On other works, such chiefly as hunting and historical compositions, he often pronounced most severe opinions, without the least regard to the celebrity of the master; and on other matters, notwithstanding his secluded life, he displayed profound penetration, and correct judgment. The following parody of the verses of Catullus, on Lesbia's sparrow, has been proposed as an appropriate inscription for this artist:

Lugete, O Feles, Ursique lugete!

Mortuus est vobis amicus.